54

THREE EXCELLENT

SONGS.

VIZ.

EDWIN and ETHELINDE.

THE JOLLY TAR.

THE STRAWBERRY-VALE

Entered according to Order 1701

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE.

ONE parting kiſs, my Ethelinde!
Young Edwin fault'ring cried,
I hear thy father's haſty tread,
Nor longer muſt I bide.

To morrow eve, in yonder wood,
Beneath the well-known tree,
Say, wilt thou meet thy owu true love,
Whoſe only joy's in thee?

She claſp'd the dear-beloved youth,
And ſigh'd, and dropt a tear;
Whate'er betide my only love,
I'll ſurely meet thee there.

They kiſs, they part; a liſt'ning page
To malice ever bent,
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
And rage diſtain'd his cheek,
Heavens! ſhall a vaſſal ſhepherd dare
My daughter's love to ſeek!

But know, raſh boy, thy bold attempt
Full ſorely ſhalt thou rue;
Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
Shalt thou thy lover view.

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The dews of evening faſt did fall,
And darkneſs ſpread apace,
When Ethelinde, with beating breaſt,
Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye ſhe looks around,
No Edwin there was ſeen:
He was not wont to break his faith,
What can his abſence mean!

Her heart beat thick at ev'ry noiſe,
Each ruſtling thro' the wood;
And now ſhe travers'd quick the gronnd,
And now ſhe liſt'ning ſtood.

Enliv'ning hope, and chilling fear,
By turns her boſom ſhare;
And now ſhe calls upon his name,
Now weeps in ſad deſpair.

Meantime the day's laſt glimm'rings fled;
And, blackening all the ſky,
A hideous tempeſt dreadful roſe,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde aghaſt, diſmay'd,
Beholds with wild affright
The threat'ning ſky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

Where art thou now, my Edwin dear?
Thy friendly aid I want:
Ah me! my boding heart fortels
That aid thou canſt not grant.

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with ſtorms,
Confus'd and loſt ſhe roves:
Now looks to heaven with earneſt pray'r,
Now calls on him ſhe loves.

At length a diſtant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her ſight;
Thro' brakes ſhe guides her fainting ſteps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
In this ſequeſter'd wild,
Calm goodneſs ſat upon his brow,
His words were ſoft and mild.

He open'd his hoſpitable door,
And much admiring view'd
The tender virgin's graceful form,
Daſh'd by the tempeſt rude.

Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
To this warm ſhelter'd cell;
Here reſt ſecure thy wearied feet,
Here peace and ſafety dwell.

He ſaw the heart-wrung ſtarting tear,
And gently ſought to know,
With kindeſt pity's ſoothing looks,
The ſtory of her woe.

Scarce had ſhe told her mournful tale,
When ſtruck with dread they hear
Voices confus'd with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

Help, father! help, they loudly cry;
A wretch here bleeds to death;
Some cordial balſam quickly give,
To ſtay his parting breath.

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gaſh'd with many a wound;
When, woeful ſight! 'twas Edwin's ſelf
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantic grief poor Ethelinde
Beſide his body falls;
Lift up thine eyes, my Edwin dear,
'Tis Ethelinde that calls.

That much-lov'd ſound recals his life,
He lifts his cloſing eyes,
Then feebly murmuring out her name,
He gaſps, he faints, he dies!

Stupid awhile, in dumb deſpair
She gaz'd on Edwin dead;
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
And life's warm ſpirit fled.

THE JOLLY TAR.

A Jolly briſk tar, but a little time ſince,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a prince,

Fell foul of an ale-houſe, and thinking it ſin
To paſs without calling, reel'd jovially in.
Derry down, &c.

Scarce ſeated was he, when the landlord paſs'd by,
With pudding and beef which attracted Jack's eye;
By the main-maſt, a ſail, boys! then from his place,
And graſping his bludgeon, gave orders for chace.
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together ſome Frenchmen met,
Reſolving ſoup-meagre and frogs to forget,
Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feaſt,
To be ſerved up in the old Engliſh taſte.
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the ſailor appears,
He makes the room ring with three Britiſh cheers;
Then ſits himſelf down without farther debate,
And claps an old quid in his next neighbour's plate.
Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's ſurprize,
When they ſhrugg'd up their ſhoulders, and turn'd up their eyes;
From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem,
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.
Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the reſt, by his brethren's advice,
Made a ſneaking attempt to come in for a ſlice;

Jack cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,
Cry'd, down with your arms or I'll ſweep the deck.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,
And ſneaking behind, ſeiz'd the arms of the tar;
I have him, ſays he; but he cou'd ſay no more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels ſtood before.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus ſprawling, the Frenchmen unite,
Each takes up his knife and prepares for the fight;
Of quarters, ſays, Jack, I would not have you think
Strike, ſtrike, you frog-eaters, ſtrike, ſtrike, or you ſink.
Derry down, &c.

So ſaying, he handled his truſty oak ſtick,
And pour'd in his broadſides ſo ſtout and ſo thick;
So well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Were decently laid with their hoſt on the floor.
Derry down, &c.

The reſt all diſmay'd at their countrymen's fate,
For fear that Jack'e ſtick ſhould alight on their pate,
Acknowledg'd him victor and lord of the main,
Withal humbly entreating to bury their ſlain.
Derry down, &c.

THE STRAWBERRY-VALE

T'OTHER day, in the ſtrawberry-vale
When only my Phillis was there,

I begg'd ihe'd attend to my tale,
I long'd to unboſom my care.

With ſmiles, ſweet as Flora's in may,
She bid me my pleaſure impart.
I ſaid, (in a faltering way)
Your eyes have ta'en captive my heart.

The dance and the tabor I ſhun,
No reſt on my pillow I find;
Believe me, wherever I run,
Your image ſtill dwells in my mind.

O! ſoothe the keen anguiſh I bear;
Soft pity I read in thine eye;
Ah! quickly, dear charmer declare,
If the ſhepherd who loves you muſt die?

O! this was a moment of bliſs;
I vow'd to be ever ſincere:
Her hand ſhe preſented to kiſs,
And brighten'd her bluſh with a tear.

And now, if my ſheep are ſecure,
I meet her at eve in the dale.
Where ſhe wiſhes that flame may endure,
She approv'd in the ſtrawberry-vale.

FINIS.

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